The Evening World.

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SERVICE BEYOND PAY.

THE firemen must wait for the pay increases they expect, so the Board of Estimate tells them, until the Committee on Standardization of Salaries and Grades has reported. It is just as well. There is a temptation to give special attention to the pay-rolls of firemen and policemen, because these two services are called upon to do a man's work in a special sense of the word. Their daily tasks have dramatic moments which it is human nature to recognize by passing the hat. The impulse persists to pamper potential heroes.

There is danger to the morale of the fire fighters in an attempt to set a special price on the more rugged aspects of their duties. Men who have proved their mettle in fire and smoke are not likely to be corrupted or softened by any scale of pay. But the rewards of the service may draw into it others whose chief concern is the rewards and not the service. The men with hero-stuff in them may be crowded to the wall or hampered at their work by an invasion of men in whom desire for a soft berth or easy pay is uppermost. That these considerations operate even now, former Fire Chief Croker said a while ago.

You cannot put the soldier, the policeman and the fireman on a commercial basis, for it is part of their duties that they shall not consider selfish interest, nor be tender of their skins. Volunteer armies are recruited by the spirit of adventure, not by tempting pay-rolls. The true policeman is such because the hunter instinct is in him. The great firefighter is enamored of danger and in love with violent action. The laborer is worthy his hire, but much of the fireman's work has more than a hireling status.

A TOWN WITHOUT A BUCKLE.

A CITIZEN of this town, wishing to secure a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization, caused a pretty comprehensive search of its bookstores to be made. He was unable to get a copy anywhere, and had to send to England for it. Apparently in a community of five million persons, the seat of the book-publishing business of the western world, there was no bookseller who had this work in stock, and none who thought a local demand for it existed.

Henry Thomas Buckle is not a man to be overlooked by Americans. He was a pioneer in the material interpretation of history. A contemporary of Comte, the founder of Positivism, who contended that the human mind had passed through the theological and metaphysical stages, and should "restrict itself to the discovery of the laws of phenomena," Buckle undertook a somewhat similar task. He urged that climate, soil and food were primary causes of progress; that "the tendency has been in Europe to subordinate nature to man, out of Europe to subordinate man to nature"; that Asiatic scenery stimulated the imagination and subdued the understanding, while in Europe it was the other way around, and that so far as men's initiative is concerned their progress is due not to moral agencies which are stationary and balance one another, but to intellectual activity, to "scepticism."

Many of the Buckle contentions are not accepted, but others have passed into the common stock, and the man made history interesting by his pioneer uses of the comparative method. As his biographer has said, his fame "spread to the four corners of the earth" and his works "created a literature of their own." It is little creditable to this city that his great history is not on its bookshelves.

FATHER EASY MARK.

NATURALLY enough, the "faithful fans" of New York have been held up by ticket speculators at the crowning moment of the season which their loyalty and patronage had created. In other incarnations these are the same people who have to pay two prices wherever a successful play is staged. They are going to pay $6 a seat for grand opera this winter. They pay five cents for subway seats morning and evening, and half of them get straps instead. They are expected to stand for "perfect charters," Levy election laws and rubber stamp politics, and to stand without hitching.

'Tis a safe and sane community, immensely good natured, thoroughly self-satisfied, fortunately free from all taint of insurgency.

Letters From the People

Women in Business.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish some one would answer honestly (yes, I said "honestly," not tactfully or chivalrously) this question: "Is there any business or professional career in which woman is man's equal?" Is the woman in the shop, the factory, the hospital, the office, the marts of trade—is she equal to the man who works beside her? Can she earn as much for her employer, can she be absolutely relied upon to turn out always just as much work and just as good work for an entire year? I do not ask this as a knock or as a joke, but with a desire for a straight, square answer. Who will dare to give it to me? Don't get hysterical, anybody, but tell the truth as based on your honest experience. TITUS O.

Horses on Street and Track.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent asks why there are so many good horses on the street, when it was supposed racing made the high types, and now there is no racing. Apparently he is in earnest. The answer is that horses prior to the establishment of the thoroughbred type were exceedingly inferior to those produced since then. The thoroughbred is of Arab, blended with bone and substance. The American trotter is a trotting thoroughbred, developed solely by racing. And other horses are largely of trotting stock crossed with hackney, which is also based on thoroughbred blood. The heavy drafts have been constantly bred to the thoroughbred to bring finer bone, and without the trotting and running thoroughbreds all stock would rapidly deteriorate. Hence the importance of racing, not entirely for the act of racing, but for the immense sums rich men spent upon improving stock, the act of racing being mechanical development along the highest lines, which would not be in practice but for racing. Let those seeking knowledge visit the Natural History Museum and compare the skeleton of Sysonby, the great English thoroughbred, with the heavy, soft boned Percheron skeleton at its side. A HORSE LOVER.

April 7.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the month will Easter Sunday fall in 1912? B. WILLKOMMEN.

What Shall He Study?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some wise reader advise a young man as to the best thing to do? I am eighteen years of age, and, with a common school education. For the last three years I have worked as a packer in a ladies' suits establishment with fair salary, but little advancement, as as there are many at that trade. I therefore would appreciate a definite answer as to what would be the best thing for me to study at night, something that pays well and does not take too long, as I am one of the family's supporters. M. B.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

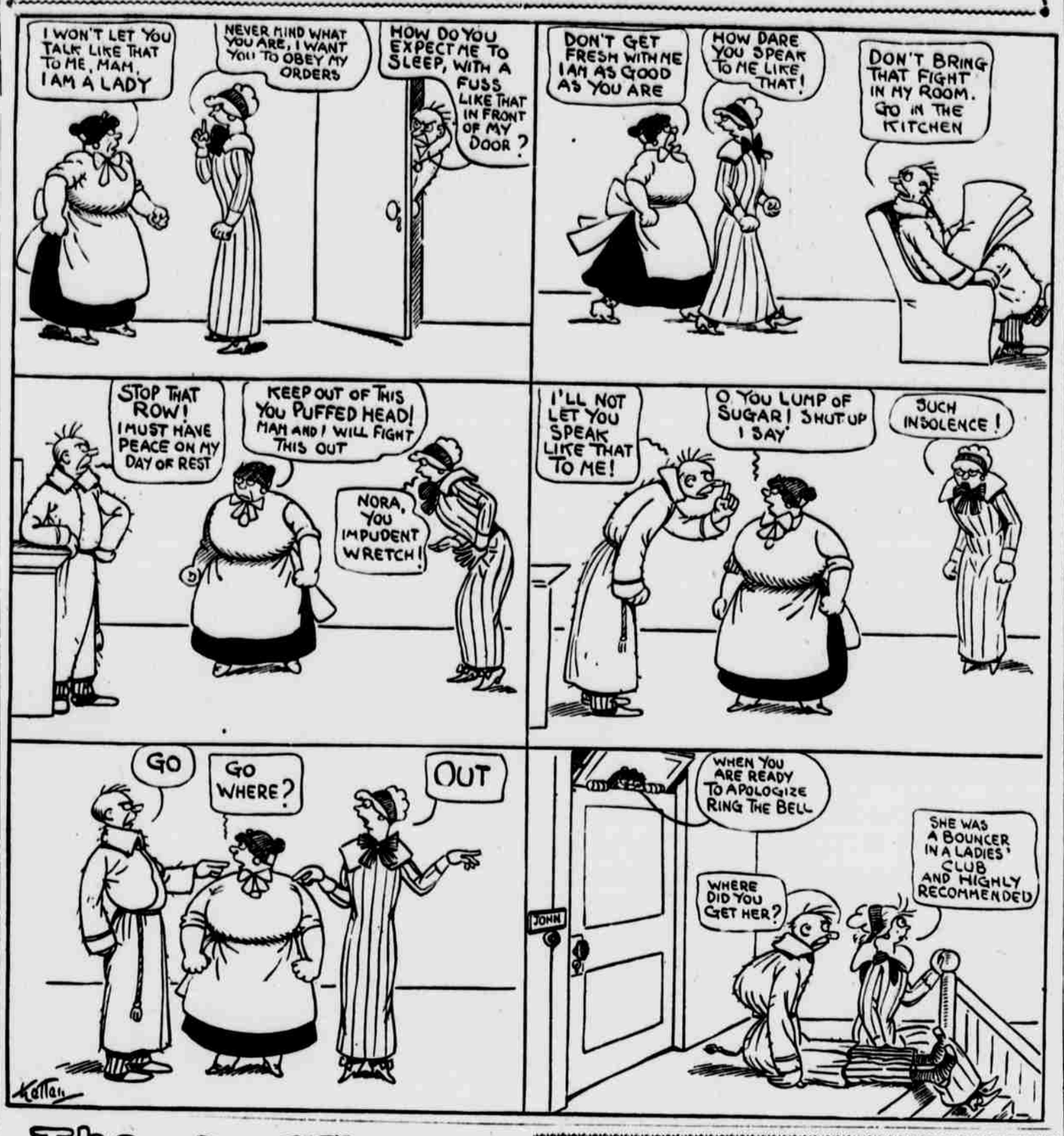
Scipio had carried the war into Africa.

"This," he said "is where I qualify as the White Man's Hope."

Let it not be rashly inferred from this, however, that Hannibal was a Big Smoke.—Chicago Tribune.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family

By Rollin McCardell.

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Mr. Jarr Resolves to Go Fishing for Anacondas

"NOW DO get up!" said Mrs. Jarr, looking into the room where Mr. Jarr was "pounding the feathers," as Mr. Chuck Connors would say.

Mr. Jarr heard this through the mists of sleep, but roused him not.

"I said get up!" clamored Mrs. Jarr. "Here you lie abed till all hours and have Gertrude complaining to me that you keep her back in her work. How can I keep a girl if the table has to wait for you till you get up in the morning and wait for you till you come home at night? How can I run the house unless we have some system? The poor children eat their breakfast and get off to school and do not see you. They have their supper at night and go to bed without seeing you. They might as well be half orphans on their father's side. What can I tell them—that their father is too lazy to get up? I guess they forget they have a father. Poor children!"

Mr. Jarr knew there was no more sleep for him and he sighed and yawned and sat up.

"Eh, what?" he asked.

"I asked you what I could say to the children, seeing as they never see you at the table?" repeated Mrs. Jarr.

"Can you not console them with similar comforting information that Mrs. Casey Jones, relict of the brave engineer, gave her children in the song?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr asked what this comforting information was, but Mr. Jarr only mumbled something about the Salt Lake line.

"How do you expect to hold your position?" asked Mrs. Jarr, returning to the charge. "How do you expect to provide for your family and get along in this world if you lie abed till all hours and get to your business late? You know you promised me only yesterday that you would start the week right by getting up early and having 8 o'clock breakfast with the children!"

"I'm getting up! I'm getting up! I'll be dressed in a jiffy!" said Mr. Jarr placatingly.

"Yes, and you'll put on the collar and shirt you wore yesterday in a jiffy, and look as though you didn't care to keep up a neat appearance, and that hurts a man in his business, in a jiffy! And you'll eat your breakfast, in a jiffy; and scowl because everything is cold, in a jiffy, and you'll run out in a jiffy. 'But you won't come back home to-night to supper in a jiffy. And to-morrow it will be the same thing over again!"

"Clara, for goodness sake, don't get me rattled!" remonstrated Mr. Jarr, finding he was getting into his attire all twisted. "Where's my socks, I say? Where's my socks?"

Mrs. Jarr picked his socks out from under the bed just at the same time Mr. Jarr stooped for them. And their heads bumped.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, you did!" she retorted. "And you did it on purpose, too!"

Mr. Jarr disclaimed any such intention, and tore out a back buttonhole in his haste to fasten his collar.

"Wait! I'll get you out some clean things," said Mrs. Jarr, as she saw his collar rise up at the back of his neck.

"Ain't got time now. You've got me all upset!" said Mr. Jarr. "Gee, woman! I'd have been dressed and out if you had only LEMME be!"

"I'll let you be after this. You may be sure of that!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "You can lie abed all day after this and lose your position and have your children begging for bread! I'll never say another word to you. But, remember this, Mr. Jarr, it's an old saying, and a true one, that the early bird catches the early worm!"

"I'm not a bird, Mrs. Jarr!" snapped Mr. Jarr hotly. "That is, unless I'm a loon. Maybe I'm that. But I am not out after worms. I don't care for worms. Besides that, madam, did it ever strike you that it's the early worm gets caught? If the early worm stayed in bed the early bird would have had to content itself on an earlier bug. Get me?"

"I'm not interested in what you are saying," replied Mrs. Jarr coldly. "YOU know what the old saw means."

"Yes, and I don't care. Who gets up earliest?—the men who work hardest and longest for the least pay?" Mr. Jarr went on. "THEY catch worms, but the wise old bird that lies abed till he gets a good long sleep that rests his brain and refreshes his frame and his faculties, HE saunters out, between 10 and 12 in the forenoon, and captures him a great, big, fat anaconda. You can get more for one anaconda than you can get for a million worms!"

By this time he was dressed and had performed his ablutions. He followed Mrs. Jarr out to the dining room. The clock chimed 8. "'Smatter, Pop?" chorused the breakfasting children. You're up early to-day!"

"He's going fishing for anacondas, my dears," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly.

PATERNAL PRIDE.

"Does your boy Josh stand at the head of his class?

"No," replied Farmer Corntossel, "but he could if he wanted to. If Josh took it into his head to stand at the head of his class or anywhere else it 'ud take a whole football team to pry him loose."—Washington Star.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon: being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated by Helen Rowland.

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WHAT is LOVE, oh my Beloved?

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, it is the most EXPENSIVE GAME in all the world.

Behold, it costeth thee:

Thy sleep and thine appetite.

Thy common sense and thy freedom.

Thy pride and thine illusions.

And, sometimes, thy conscience.

It is disastrous unto shirt bosoms. It covereth dress coats with powder.

It soaketh innocent coat lapels with myrrh and spikenard and attar of roses.

It demolisheth puffs and devastateth ruffles. It playeth havoc with coiffures.

It sendeth a man unto the tailor, the presser, the jeweller, the florist, the haberdasher, the money lender—and the devil.

But a damsel, it holdeth to the ironing board, the curling tong and the chafing dish.

It causeth thee to pass thy friends upon the highway, seeing them not. And to bow unto thine enemies with asinine cordiality.

To turn on the gas—and forget to light it.

To start the hot water—and depart while thy bathtub runneth over.

While it lasteth thou art a nuisance in business, a CROSS unto thy family, and a BORE unto all the world.

When it passeth thou findest thyself one of these two:

YOKED for life, or a CYNIC for all eternity.

Yea, even though thou winnest at love, thou LOSEST—thine independence.

And even though thou losest, thou WINNEST—experience.

Lo, Love is a cobweb that vanisheth at a touch, a fairy spell that departeth at a sigh, a morning glory that fadeth at noon-tide, a dream that is never finished.

And in the end, when all is counted, it profiteth thee NOTHING—save a kiss!

Yet I say unto thee, Lord pity him that hath never paid the toll of Love.

For, verily, it is WORTH THE PRICE! Selah.

The Real Need.

"I read an article on 'Ten Ways to Cook Beef.'"

"I'd rather read one on 'Ten Ways to Pay for It.'"

The Story of Our Country.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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No. 7 The Declaration of Independence.

BETWEEN fifty and sixty grave-faced men were gathered in a hall at Philadelphia discussing a history-making move. Small wonder they were grave and that some were pallid of face and nervous, for the step they were planning was not only to change the future of the world, but it threatened to place a hangman's noose around each of their necks. The all-important project they were arguing was the Declaration of Independence.

The Battle of Bunker Hill a year earlier had started the Revolution, even as the Battle of Concord and Lexington had made that Revolution imperative. The Continental Congress had at once taken measures to collect the scattered patriots into an army and to raise such scanty funds as were available for the troops' support. The "army" consisted mainly of undisciplined, badly armed recruits. The hand of a master was needed to weld this disorganized rabble into an efficient fighting machine. And Congress chose for the gigantic task the one American capable of fulfilling it—George Washington.

Washington was forty-three years old when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief. More than twenty years had passed since, as a lad, he had carried Dinwiddie's message across the wintry wilderness to the French. Since then he had learned warfare under British masters, and had proved his worth in hard-fought battlefields. The Continental army was massed at Cambridge, Mass., and there, in July, 1775, Washington took charge of it. He found a throng of men and boys, mostly without uniforms or sufficient weapons—recruits who were inclined to look on the war as a sort of "outing" and to resent discipline of any sort; fiercely jealous of men from other colonies, and bound together by only one common interest—Love of Country. To turn such material into an effective army (with the possession of little authority and less money) was a labor worthy of Caesar or Napoleon.

A Rabble Becomes an Army.

At first success favored the struggling revolutionists. At the Concord-Lexington fight they routed the British; at Bunker Hill they inflicted terrible damage on their foes. Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, with a little army of farmers, captured the British fastnesses of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. The English, in March, 1776, were forced to evacuate Boston, their chief American stronghold. In June of the same year they were driven back from an attack on Charleston.

These successes stirred the revolutionists to high hopes. Men were eager to enlist in the army. There seemed, even to the most timid patriot, a strong chance of final victory over the mighty English foe. In the beginning the revolutionists had had no idea of tearing free from the mother country, but had merely sought to enforce fair treatment from England. Even Washington declared: "At the outset the idea of independence was abhorrent to us."

But now all saw they had committed themselves too far to withdraw. It must be freedom or bondage. And Congress appointed a committee to draw up a Declaration of Independence. The Declaration was written by a tall, freckled, sandy-haired young Virginia lawyer, Thomas Jefferson (some historians think with the help of Thomas Paine), and was laid before Congress. For days the delegates debated the matter. It was too great an enterprise to embark upon without deep consideration, and the thirteen colonies waited breathless for the result.

A ludicrous happening did much to hasten the grave Congressmen to a decision. The weather was hot. In through the hall's open windows, from a nearby market, buzzed hundreds of flies. These lighted on the delegates' thin silk stockings and bit maddeningly. To get rid of the nuisance the Congressmen hurried through the latter part of their debate, and on Thursday, July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted. (It was not signed until August, and by some of the delegates not until even later. Hence, July 4 is the date of the Declaration's *adoption*, not of its *signing*).

A Tide of Ill-Luck.

"Well," muttered one nervous delegate as the session closed, "we must hang together now."

"Yes," dryly retorted Benjamin Franklin, "or we'll hang separately."

The quaint old statesman had not exaggerated. The Declaration was treason to the British Government, and should its signers fall into British hands the rope might well be their fate. The die was cast. It was now literally "Liberty or Death!"

And by a strange freak of fortune, the tide of success almost at once turned. Hitherto the Revolution had prospered beyond all belief. But, following on the heels of the Declaration, came a long series of misfortunes that almost crushed the colonists to earth.

News Notes From the World of Science.

RUSSIA exported nearly 3,000,000,000 eggs last year.

A transatlantic cable costs about $1,200 a mile to build.

Seven-eighths of the world's tea is produced in India and Ceylon.

Seventy per cent. of the gold in the possession of civilized man is in the form of coin.

Chinese athletes train upon duck brains, which they consider the most strengthening food.

One farm exclusively for opossums has been started in Gippsland, Victoria, which comprises 2,000 acres of eucalyptus bush land. Another farm comprising 500 acres has been started in Southern Tasmania and another of 150 acres in New South Wales.

The average man in health has the material for thirteen pounds of candles, one pound of nails, carbon sufficient for eight hundred pencils, bindings for sixteen octavo books, five hundred knife handles, twenty-eight violin strings, twenty teaspoonfuls salt and one pound of loaf sugar.

The May Manton Fashions

Long or Short Kimono—Pattern No. 7163.

THE kimono that takes graceful lines yet is simple and easy to make is one that always is liked. Here is a model that is cut in one with the sleeves, in genuine Japanese style, but there is a seam at the centre back that means shapeliness. The sleeves can be made in elbow length and left loose, or a little longer and gathered into bands. The kimono is equally well adapted to the sacque, and it can be cut to either length. This one is made from challis with bands of dotted silk, but there are a great many appropriate materials. A novelty is challis woven in real Japanese designs, cotton crepe is lovely, and cashmere, albatross, French flannel and the like are all appropriate. The bands can be of silk, of ribbon, or of any contrasting material.

The kimono is made in two pieces that are joined at the centre back. The trimming is applied over neck and front edges and over the edges of the loose sleeves, but the long sleeves are gathered into straight bands.

For the medium size the long kimono will require 7¼ yards of material 27 or 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the bands; for the short kimono will be needed 3¾ yards 27 or 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 7163 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain these Patterns

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., 132 E. Twenty-third street, N. Y. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.